

S 635
Z9
724
copy 1

AMES SERIES OF
STANDARD MINOR DRAMA
No. 830.

◆ Little Goldie; ◆

OR,

The Child of the Camp

PS 635

Z 9 W 724

PRICE 20 CENTS.

AMES PUBLISHING CO

NEW PLAYS.

The Play of the Week
The Play of the Month
The Play of the Year

The Play of the Week
The Play of the Month
The Play of the Year

No goods sent C. O. D. Money MUST accompany all orders

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF
ARTS AND LETTERS OF ITALY.

MEMBERS.

↔LITTLE GOLDIE;↔

—OR,—

The Child of The Camp.

A WESTERN COMEDY DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

—BY—

Charles O. Willard,

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

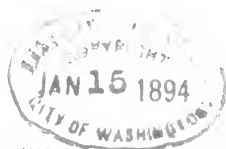
3⁶

—O—

Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1893, by

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.,

in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



529 Z¹

—O—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

2 LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JUDGE PERKINS.....	<i>The only Judge in the district</i>
JOE HARWOOD.....	<i>A squar' man</i>
BUMMER JONES.....	<i>Owner of claim</i>
HAROLD GODFREY.....	<i>Captain of the "Black Hawks"</i>
MIKE FLYNN.....	<i>An Irishman</i>
COL. GREWS, }.....	<i>The legal fraternity of the Camp</i>
MAJ. CRAMP, }	
HANDSOME HARRY, }	<i>Members of the band of Black Hawks</i>
BILL PETERS, }	
JACK GRAVES, }	
JIM WATERS.....	
LITTLE GOLDIE.....	<i>The pri e of the Camp</i>
EDITH GERALD.....	<i>Harry's sister</i>
MATILDA SAUNDERS.....	<i>Bound to hate the Judge</i>

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—2½ HOURS

—X—

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave. The lawyers and Mike. Little Goldie has fun with the Judge. Mike makes love to Matilda. The Judge is appealed to. Matilda and the Judge. Joe arrived late. The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up. Tells the gang a story. Old Jones is rich. The plot. Peter's meets old Jones. The struggle. Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his "cannon." "It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks. The Judge gets drunk. Mike tells some news. The boys "lay" for the school teacher. The school teacher arrives. A female! The Judge makes a speech. Joe drops in and cuts them all out. Matilda and the Judge. Mike gets mad. The Capt. of the Black Hawks again. Little Goldie at her pranks—has trouble with Godfrey. Joe interferes. The Col. and Maj. get in their work. Judge tries to escape from Matilda. Mike helps him out. The recognition. The story. I will be there. The quarrel. "Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith. Matilda tells a little gossip and departs. Joe cal's and tells Edith of his love. The Judge hears him refused. Joe departs. The Judge tries his hand. Matilda unexpectedly returns. The Judge in a fix. Little Goldie again. A new baby. Godfrey calls on Edith. The promise. "So will I." The Col. and Maj. Mike happens along. The Judge takes a hand. Little Goldie looking for Joe. Handsome Harry. "I'd play this alone if I die for it." Near the Black Hawk's retreat. The Black Hawks. Godfrey waiting. Edith's arrival. Edith arrives. "Never." "Then go where you belong." Handsome Harry to the rescue. "Defend yourself." Harry is overpowered. The fate of a traitor. Goldie to the rescue. The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver. Mike Flynn in command. The reformed Bummer. The letters. The letter from the nephew. The nephew arrives. Godfrey as a "Missionary." The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew. The arrival of the Judge. The murder. The Col. and Joe. Godfrey's claim. Mike tells what he heard. Godfrey accused of murder. "His child and the heiress is dead." The heiress found is Little Goldie. Handsome Harry. Godfrey cheats the law. Edith and Joe. Unexpected arrival of Matilda. Happy finale.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., [2d E.] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

* * * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

TMP 92-007580

LITTLE GOLDIE ;

—OR,—

The Child of the Camp.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Full stage—wood—stumps R. and L.—HANDSOME HARRY, BILL PETERS and JACK GRAVES discovered singing up stage as curtain rises—COL. GRAVES, MAJ. CRAMP, and MIKE discovered playing cards L. C.—as song is finished, they begin arguing and then go in for rough and tumble—COL. and MAJ. fall and MIKE stands with one foot on each—waves hat—

Mike. By the powers! (*sings*) "The shamrocks that bloom in the spring, 'Tra, la, la,'" (*speaks*) Sure I niver saw the bald headed old duffer yet, that could handle Mike Flynn. Why, you dried up old spalpeens; I can handle four like ye's. (*lets them up*) Come here now—mark ye—don't you two old fogies iver thry to pull any aces out of your sleeves again, or I won't let up on you as easy as I did this time—mind that now.

Col. I'll have the law on you.

Maj. (*timidly*) Yes sir!

Mike. Oh! ye will?

Col. You'll pay for this.

Maj. (*timidly*) Yes sir!

Mike. Oh! I will?

Col. (*to MAJ.*) You'r a fool.

Maj. Yes sir!

Mike. There's two of ye's, so shake hands.

Col. You'll hear from me. I'll call you out and shoot you.

Maj. Yes sir! We'll shoot you out and call you.

Mike. A pretty pair ye are—call me out and shoot me—why you dase'nt load a pistol. Why, you'r too lazy to work, and so we let you lay around here and pull every body's leg, 'cause ye call yourselves liars or lawyers, or what iver ye call it, but by the powers, the first term suits ye better. Say, bald heads, do you know ye are alive?

Maj. Yes sir!

Col. Sir?

Mike. (*looking up*) Holy Moseys! what's that? (*appears insulted*)

4 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

COL. and MAJ. look in same direction as MIKE—MIKE knocks their feet out from under them—they fall—get up and begin accusing each other of doing it—COL. chases MAJ. off L., and MIKE follows, kicking COL.

Re-enter, MIKE, L. E.

Mike. Sure, it's a lot of diversement I have with them santonious old duffers. Well, I must be going to find Matilda, for sure the darlint has made an impression on me.

Harry. Say Mike, give us a song to liven us up.

Mike. Oh! well, I'll do it, seen as this is a holiday and we are out for fun, but say, I'm thinking we's pretty near the home of the Black Hawks, and I don't care about stirring them up.

(song can be introduced, if desired)

Harry. Speaking about the Black Hawks, Mike—ain't it kind of queer that we can't find out who any of them are?

Mike. Sure it is. You might be one and we wouldn't know it, for niver a man has iver caught sight of one of the varmints faces, and the whole gang might be even now at this picnic and we never know it. *(looks off L.—noise heard outside)* What the devil's that? Well, if it ain't that Little Goldie coming down the hill, with a rope around the Judges' neck—by the powers, see the old man's legs fly. *(all laugh)* Look out boys, they'r coming—

Enter, GOLDIE, dragging the JUDGE, by a rope around his neck—as they enter the JUDGE falls and wipes perspiration off his face—GOLDIE sits on JUDGE's back and laughs, pointing at JUDGE—all laugh aloud—GOLDIE gets up.

Judge. *(takes plenty of time in getting up)* Je—rew—se—lem—whew—gol darn you Goldie, you've torn this linen duster that cost me a dollar at Snow & Abbotts, only a year ago—holy Moses, how my legs flew—I bet ten dollars, my coat tail stood out so straight that a man could use it for a desk to write on. Now look a here you little pest, if you come any more of your pranks on me, I'll call a special term and send you up for ten years.

Goldie. Oh! come now Judge, don't you get gay with me or I'll call a meeting of the Black Hawks, and present your name as a candidate for hanging. I'm the boss of this camp, and what I say goes, don't it boys?

All. You bet!

Goldie. There, you see Judge, what the boys say, and *(coming up close to the JUDGE and talking low)* you don't know but what some of the gang are in that crowd back there. *(JUDGE appears frightened)* Now, you'd better look out what you say to me.

Judge. Look ahere Goldie, do you suppose that I, Judge Perkins, the only judge in this here district, is going to be afraid of all the Black Hawks; real agents or cut-throats this side of Denver. No sir! I'll face and fight every one of them in this glorious climate of Colorado.

Goldie. *(gives a whoop)* Hands up! *(JUDGE jumps and starts to run—GOLDIE grabs him)* Oh! yes, you'r brave—you are.

Judge. *(seeing it is GOLDIE)* I was just getting ready to draw my pistol—that's the way I do it.

Goldie. Come now Judge, give us a song and we'll call it square, and say no more about it.

Judge. I'll do it, if you will show us what you can do when I get done.

Goldie. All right Judge, go ahead. (song by JUDGE)

Judge. (after song) Now Goldie, get out there and do your purtiest.

Enter, COL. and MAJ., R. E., arm in arm.

Goldie. All right!

Makes a start for COL. and MAJ., as orchestra plays introduction—they try to get behind each other—song by GOLDIE.

Enter, MIKE, L. E.

Mike. Oh! Col., give us a chaw of your tobacker.

COL. hands plug to MIKE—MIKE about to take chew, JUDGE grabs it—GOLDIE throws rope around JUDGES neck and runs him off L., MIKE following—COL. and MAJ. and others laughing, exeunt, L. E.

Enter, MATILDA SAUNDERS, R. E.

Matilda. Judge—Judge. (looking around) Why, I thought I heard the Judges' sweet voice singing. The dear old Judge, every time he comes near me, my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. Oh! how I wish he were here. The idea of the camp choosing this of all places for a picnic—so near the place where the Black Hawks are supposed to have their den. Oh! I am so afraid—supposing some great big black bearded Black Hawk should come by here now and should fall in love with me and carry me off to their cave, then I would never see the dear old Judge again. Oh! dear, here comes that Irishman, Mike Flynn, who insists on making love to me every time he sees me. Wait till I tell the Judge, Mike Flynn will wish he had never come to this camp.

Enter, MIKE, L. E., goes up to MATILDA and falls on his knees.

Mike. My own darling Matilda, I have looked all over the mountain for you, but could not find you. Where have you hid yourself, my turtle dove?

Matilda. (indignant) Mr. Flynn, how dare you address such words to me.

Mike. Because I love you, because a home without you, is like an Irishman's dinner without potatoes.

Matilda. (aside) He dares to compare me to an Irishman's dinner. (aloud) Mr. Flynn, you shall answer to the Judge for those insulting words. He will protect me against your insults.

Mike. What! that baldheaded old fool protect you. Why, he can't even protect himself. Wait till I see him—I'll pull his nose for him, the bald headed old coward.

Matilda. What! call the Judge a fool, a coward. The Judge will challenge you to a duel and kill you.

(6) *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

Enter, COL. GRAVES, U. L. E., draws back and watches scene.

Here come's the Judge now—wait till I tell him.

Mike. (aside) Guess I'll just hide and see what the Judge says when she tells him. *(exit, R. E., hurriedly)*

Matilda. I knew he would not dare meet my protector.

Enter, JUDGE, L. E., MATILDA sits down on stump with back to JUDGE and weeps.

Judge. (aside) Hello--hello--hello--what's this—a regular mountain angel, though a back view hardly does her justice. *(goes up to MATILDA)* What! crying?

Matilda. (mad) I suppose I'm laughing.

Judge. There's no necessity for this display of temper—temper is rarely becoming in a man—in a woman it's a positive deformity. What's the matter, Matilda?

Matilda. (getting up) Oh! Judge, that Irishman, Mike Flynn, has dared to tell me of his love when—when—

(edging up towards JUDGE)

Judge. (edging away) Go on Matilda.

Matilda. And when I told him I would call on you for protection, *((JUDGE straightens up proudly)* he called you a—a—

(edging up again)

Judge. (again backing off) Yes—yes—a what, Matilda?

Matilda. It hurts me to tell you, but he called you a fool and a coward, and said you could not protect yourself, say nothing of me.

Judge. (looks around and sees no one in sight) He did—did he? Called me—Judge Perkins, the only Judge in this here district, and a man of youth and courage—a fool and a coward. Matilda, when next I set my eyes on Michael Flynn, he will recall those words and apologise to both of us, or I will give him a taste of the dignity of the only Judge in this glorious climate of Colorado.

Matilda. He saw you coming and ran away.

Judge. Of course he did—he knows, as does all the men in the camp, that I am a man to be feared and respected.

Matilda. And you will protect me?

(throws arms around the JUDGE's neck)

Judge. (trying to get away) Certainly, Matilda, and if you will remove your arms from around my neck until I arrange my collar, I will protect you against the world.

Matilda. Oh! Judge. *(business again as before)* I knew it, the love that draws me to you, is like the flame that draws the little butterfly to it's doom.

Judge. (business as before) Eh! *(aside)* Well, I fail to see much in Matilda, that reminds me of a butterfly, but I must admit, there is a resemblance between the flame and my nose. *(to MATILDA)* Matilda, with my hand on my heart, I swear to protect you against the whole Irish nation. *(MATILDA blushes and turns her back)* Show me the Irish son-of-a-gun,

Enter, MIKE, C. E., comes down to the left of JUDGE and watches him.

who dares tell you of his love and—

(sees MIKE)

Matilda. Go on Judge,

Mike. (locks arms with JUDGE) Come out and have a drink out of my bottle. (exit, quietly, JUDGE and MIKE, L. E.)

Matilda. (bashfully) Go on Judge. (COL. comes down and takes JUDGES place—MATILDA takes hold of COL's. hand) Go on dear. (turns, sees COL.) You?

Col. Yes me, Col. Graves—Attorney and councilor—at—law, divorce and breach of promise cases a specialty—my card! (hands Jack of Clubs) Excuse me—a mistake, two kinds got together.

Matilda. Oh! you detestible o'd lawyer, I'll scratch your eyes out. (chases COL. off R. E.)

Enter, HANDSOME HARRY, L. E., looking behind him as if followed.

Harry. Oh! what a life to lead—the slave of a man who has you in his power—Godfrey is so unscrupulous, that he would not hesitate to give me up to the law, if I dared to revolt. I wonder if I must go through life a member of this band of Black Hawk, because I accidentally killed a man in defending my sister. Oh! why did I run away—why did I not remain and prove it was an accident. I could have done it then, but the horror of my crime, made me momentarily mad, and when I came to my senses and returned to Denver in disguise—my sister—the only witness besides Godfrey, had disappeared, no one knew where. Since then, to protect my miserable life, I have been a member of the Black Hawks. I wonder where Goldie went? How I wish I could see her. Oh! here comes the boys.

Enter, BILL PETERS and JIM WATERS, R. E.

Harry. Have you seen the Captain?

Peters. No! but you can bet he is looking out for another haul. (whistle heard) That is him now.

All put on masks—PETERS whistles—another whistle—PETERS answers it again.

Enter, GODFREY, L. E.—all salute.

Godfrey. Number one, go to the cave and wait us there. Number three stand watch over there and see that no one approaches. Number two, I wish to talk with you. (HARRY exits, R. U. E., WATERS L. U. E., GODFREY and PETERS remove masks) Peters, I have kept you here to hear a story, for you are my most trusted man. Now listen, I have made a discovery. You know this old Bummer Jones at the camp. (PETERS bows) Well, this man is no other than George Winfred, at one time a wealthy and respected merchant of Denver, and my Uncle. It is quite a long story, and I myself did not know it until yesterday. About twelve years ago, Winfred, or Jones, as he is known here, was a rich and respected merchant of Denver. He was the father of a little girl three years old, at the time my story begins. He had in his employ a young Spaniard, whose greatest fault was drink. My uncle lectured him several times, and at last discharged him—that night his little child disappeared. He spent a great deal of his fortune in trying to find her, but his search was fruitless, and becoming discouraged, he took to drink and very soon he was a pauper. His wife having never recovered from the shock occasioned by the disappearance of the

8 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

child, soon died, and the old man drifted out here with other wealth seekers. The child was never heard of until yesterday, when I held up a lone traveler, who showed too much grit, and I sent a bullet through his body, and in searching him, I found the facts I have just told you, and a little more. This Little Goldie, as she is called by the men of the camp, is none other than the child who was stolen twelve years ago. Now Peters, the old man of course, does not know this and never must. He has struck the richest vein of pay dust around here, and as I am his only living relative, he must die before he has time to find out his child is alive, or have time to make a will. There is no time like the present, and as the people have returned to the camp by this time, you will wait here until the old man comes along, and get the deeds of his claim away from him and drop him over the cliff. I will then appear as his nephew and share with all the boys. When the old man is safely out of the way, we will attend to the child, for fear a second confession might turn up. Do you understand my orders thoroughly?

Peters. You bet, you can depend on me to do the work well.

Godfrey. I knew it—come, let us go down to the cave and get something to nerve us up a little. (exunt, R. U. E.)

Enter, JOE HARWOOD, R., 1 E.

Joe. Well, that's too bad, after chasing that bear all day and missing the fun up here, to loose the bear in the bargain. Well, what can't be cured, must be endured. I am about tired out. Hello! who's this coming? Why, if it ain't the Judge—the brave-t man in the camp—so he says. Now for some fun and a test of the Judge's nerve. (JOE steps behind tree)

Enter, JUDGE, R. E., laughing.

Judge. Well now, that was a narrow escape from having Mike Flynn wipe up the ground with me—but it cost me a whole pint of the best whiskey in this here district. Oh! but that Irishman has a mouth for good liquor.

JOE steps from behind tree and puts pistol in face of JUDGE—JUDGE falls on knees.

Joe. (in deep voice) Hold up your hands and deliver!

Judge. Oh! dear Mr. Black Hawk, please don't shoot—think of my sick child and starving little wife. Take all I've got, but spare my life.

JUDGE pulls empty bottle, plug of tobacco, pack of cards and red handkerchief out of his pocket and throws them on ground.

Joe. (speaking in natural voice) All right Judge, I'll let you go this time. (laughs)

Judge. (angry, walking up and down) You'll hear from this at the next session of this district court.

Joe. Judge, I guess that's a Black Hawk coming.

Judge. Well, I'm going. (exit, R. E., quickly)

Joe. Well—well—a good natured old man, but an awful blower. Well, I guess I will just go and lay down under a tree and take a rest. (exit, L., 2 E.)

Enter, PETERS, R. E.

Peters. Well, it's about time the old man came along. I hope he won't keep me waiting—he's coming now.

Enter, BUMMER JONES, L. E.

Good-day, Mr. Jones. Going over to see your claim?

Jones. That's my business.

Peters. Well you might give a man a decent answer, you old bummer you.

Jones. Well, if I am a bummer, I mind my own business, and that's more than you do.

Peters. Damn you, I'll teach you—

Enter, JOE, L., 2 E.

Joe. No you won't.

Enter, GODFREY, JIM, and GRAVES, R. E.

Godfrey. Drop that pistol, Joe Harwood.

Enter, GOLDIE and JUDGE, R. E.

Goldie. Well I guess not!

Judge. Not in this glorious climate of Colorado.

PETERS holds knife over JONES—JOE points pistol at PETERS—GODFREY, JIM and GRAVES, point pistols at JOE—GOLDIE points two pistols, and JUDGE one, at GODFREY, JIM and GRAVES.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I

ACT II.

SCENE.—Plain chamber in (3rd groove) Table C., chairs R. and L. of table—bar R. U. E.—bottles and glasses on bar—six shovels and broom near door in flat—JIM WALTERS behind the bar—the COL. and MAJ. walking up and down the stage on opposite sides—the JUDGE sitting R., 1 E., reading the paper.

Col. Confound the luck. another job gone—what are we going to do, if this keeps on, and every criminal, who is caught, either escapes or is hung without a trial—where are we to get a living, I ask you? (walking up and down—goes up to bar) Have something.

JUDGE and MAJ. get there quickly—JUDGE pours out large glass, others small.

Maj. We'll starve if this keeps up.

Col. Of course we will, and when we are dead and gone, the men in this camp will be sorry that they did not attend better to us.

Maj. They will—they will!

10 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

Col. Have something. (*JUDGE and MAJ. hurry as before*) It's an outrage on civilization, for those Black Hawks to escape, after their brilliant capture by Little Goldie, Joe and the Judge here. (*slapping the JUDGE on the back*) Have something. (*business repeated by JUDGE and MAJ.—JUDGE has hard work getting up*) You ought to hear Joe tell, when he was looking into the shooting end of three barkers held in the hands of the Black Hawk, how Little Goldie appeared with a pistol in each hand and made those desperate men drop them. Why, it's glorious—have something.

(*JUDGE tries to walk—can't do it, so crawls up to the bar*)
Maj. (*also getting tipsey*) Why, it was beautiful—glorious—gre—
(*falls over on table*)

Col. I have read of many deeds of bravery, but never one that eclipsed this—I tell you gentlemen, the men in this camp should do something nice for that little girl, and I move—(*looks around, sees MAJ. laid out on table, and JUDGE leaning up against wall—goes over, to MAJ., wakes him up, then shakes JUDGE*) Why Judge, I'm surprised—you drunk sir! beastly drunk.

Maj. Yes shir—your drunk shir—hic—beastly drunk.

Judge. (*trying to get up*) Drunk—me drunk—hic—do you know sir, that you are addressing—(*gets up and staggers*) hic—the only Judge in this glorious climate of Colorado. (*falls over*)

Col. I beg your pardon Judge, I must have been mistaken—have something.

JUDGE and MAJ. both start—run into each other and fall—try to get up—can't—get hold of hands, brace their feet against each other and help each other up and get to bar arm in arm—as they are drinking

Enter, MIKE, L. E., excitedly.

Mike. Have you heard the news, boys? (*bracing up*)

All. No! what is it?

Mike. I just came over from the store and Bill Curtis told me that there was a school teacher coming on the next stage. It's about time now for it, and I guess I'll just be after running over and waiting for it. But say boys, what are you going to do to welcome him?

Col. Oh! we won't do a thing. Say Mike, you watch and let us know when you see the stage coming.

Mike. All right boys. (*exit, L. E.*)

Col. Oh! we won't do a thing to the school—hic—teacher—we'll only scalp him and turn him out on the mountains for the Black Hawks to finish.

Maj. What do we want of a school teacher here? We've got no children here to teach.

Col. Yes, what do we want of a school teacher here?

Judge. Nothing—what we want is men—hic—men able to work, men able to take care of themselves, and men fit for this glorious climate of Colorado.

Enter, MIKE, L. E., all out of breath.

Mike. The stage coach is coming—get ready!

The JUDGE grabs the broom, the others a shovel apiece and line up on the right of door—MIKE stands nearest to door, then MAJ., COL., BARTENDER and JUDGE.

Col. Now then boys!

Mike. The stage has stopped.

(looking out key-hole

All. She's stopped.

Mike. Some one's getting out.

All. They'r getting out!

(excited

Mike. They'r coming this way!

All. Coming this way!

Mike. Their hands on the door!

All. Their hands on the door!

Mike. Now!

All raise, whatever they have in their hands, as if to strike, and hold them there until EDITH GERALD opens door, then drop them and begin brushing up.

Enter, EDITH GERALD, L. E.

Edith. I am the new school teacher.

All. The school teacher a women!

Edith. You act surprised gentlemen, did you not expect me?

Judge. Oh! yes mam.

All. Ah! yes mam.

Judge. We were expecting someone, but not a women.

All. No! not a women.

Judge. The boys were a laying for you.

All. Oh! yes mam.

Edith. To welcome me, I suppose.

All. Oh! yes mam.

Edith. I am sure we shall like each other.

(JUDGE braceing up proudly

All. Oh! yes mam.

Col. Look out boys, the Judge is getting ready to make a speech.

Miss—

Edith. Gerald.

Col. Miss Gerald, allow me to introduce you to Judge Perkins, the most celebrated and respected man in this camp, and a candidate for the legislature, who will now give you an address of welcome.

Judge. Well you see mam, in this glorious climate of Colorado. (hesitates) Married, mam?

Edith. No sir!

(all shake hands and brush up again—JUDGE and COL. dance a can-can.

Judge. Everybody have something.

(starts to go to bar—COL. holds him

Col. Finish your speech, Judge.

Judge. (turns to EDITH again) It is the proud duty of the men— (hesitates) Widder, perhaps.

Edith. Perhaps.

(business of shaking hands and dancing as before

Judge. (aside to COL.) She's a widow, Col., do come and have something. (aloud) Come on Miss—won't cost you a cent.

Edith. No thank you gentleman. If some of you will kindly

12 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

show me where I can procure a boarding place, it will be all I will ask.

All. Certainly, mam!

All offer their arm, but JUDGE gets ahead of them and gets to the door when JOE enters—takes off his hat.

Enter, JOE, L. E.

Judge. Miss Gerald, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Joe Harwood, the bravest and quickest man with a gun in this camp.

Joe. I am pleased to meet you, Miss.

Edith. I am equally pleased to meet you, sir!

Joe. Was you going out, Miss?

Edith. I was just going to find my new boarding place.

Joe. Allow me to escort you?

Enter, MATILDA, D. F., others have worked down stage.

Judge. Why Joe, I was about to—(*MATILDA takes JUDGE by the ear*) ask you to show her over— (*MATILDA walks JUDGE out, R.*

Joe. With pleasure.

(*exit, JOE and EDITH, L.*

Enter, JUDGE, R. E.—JUDGE, COL., MAJ. and MIKE lock arms and take long strides together to front of stage,

All. Whoop!

Mike. How about the school house now, Judge?

Judge. Oh! that's all right.

Col. I move that a committee of four be appointed to wait on the school ma'am, and I will be chairman of that committee.

Judge. I say no!

Col. And I say yes.

(*puts pistol in JUDGES face*

Judge. Oh! yes—yes—yes—

Col. Now Judge, what's your opinion of this matter?

(*JUDGE up at the bar.*

Judge. My opinion is (*putting bottle to mouth—COL. snatches it away*) that you couldn't do anything better for this glorious climate of Colorado.

Col. I move that we four act as the committee, and that we wait on her at once.

Judge. All right—come on boys.

(*exit, JUDGE, COL. and MAJ., R. E.*

Jim. Say Mike, you don't seem to be it it.

Mike. No! Joe and the Judge gobble up every female women that comes into this camp.

Jim. Well never mind. Mike, there'll be more along.

Mike. Well I guess I might as well go over to the store and hear the news.

(*exit, L. E.*

Enter, GODFREY, R. E., in disguise.

Jim. Good-day stranger.

Godfrey. Good-day, sir!

Jim. Anything I can do for you.

Godfrey. Give me a drink and have one yourself,

Jim. What will it be, stranger.

Godfrey. A little whiskey.

(drinks

Jim. Stranger in these parts, ain't you?

Godfrey. Yes.

Jim. Just arrived?

Godfrey. Yes.

Jim. Come by stage?

Godfrey. No! walked along prospecting.

Jim. Ain't going to camp around these regions, are you?

Godfrey. Yes, for a short time.

Jim. Might I ask what yer business is?

Godfrey. Certainly, I am a prospector and am traveling for my health.

Jim. Well stranger, we're glad to receive you, for there ain't many settlers here, and we're trying to boom the Mountain Camp. You'll have to excuse me now, for I must go over and tell the boys the news. You want to take a look at the richest claim around these parts, the one found by an old bummer by the name of Jones. Heard about it?

Godfrey. No.

Jim. Well, I don't mind telling you, if you want to hear about it?

Godfrey. All right—go ahead.

Jim. Well, when this camp was first started about twelve years ago, a big crowd of prospectors came here, and among them a man by the name of Jones—old Bummer Jones as he is called. Well, he managed to work out enough gold from day to day, to pay for what he had to eat and drink—and it was mostly all drink—and this is how he came to be called old Bummer Jones. Well, the other day about a week back, he struck the best paying claim in these here parts, and in one day he jumped from the poor old Bummer Jones, to rich Mr. Jones, Esq. His claim came near costing him his life though.

Godfrey. How's that?

Jim. Well, you see his claim is over the mountains, and he has to go by the cave where the Black Hawks hide to get to it. Suppose you know about them, don't you?

Godfrey. (aside) I ought to. (aloud) No, can't say that I do.

Jim. Well, you must be a stranger if you ain't ever heard of the band of Black Hawks—why they are the most daring lot of road agents this side of Frisco, and hold up every stage that comes this way, and the worst part of it is, the boys here don't know who they are, for they wear black masks over their faces whenever they stop a traveler or hold up a stage, and the very men we sit down to eat with, may be part of the gang, but I am forgetting about my story. Last night, Jones was going up there, when one of them stopped him and picked a quarrel, and was about to kill him, when Joe Harwood jumped out from behind a tree and made him drop his knife—well, the noise woke the rest of the gang up, and in about a minute, Joe found himself looking down the mouth of three barkers—Joe thought it was all day with him, but Little Goldie and the Judge appeared and saved his life. We know one of the gang, a man by the name of Peters, and Goldie is sure one of the others was a man by the name of Godfrey. When the boys get hold of those two, they will make short work of them. I guess I will go over and see the boys—make yourself at home.

(exit, L. E.

Godfrey. I thought they recognized me, when that Harwood stopped Peters from making away with old Jones, so I was right in coming here disguised, for the smartest of them will have hard work to recognize Godfrey, the Capt. of the Black Hawks in this disguise. Well, when they do catch me, they can hang me, but it will take a smarter lot of men, than live in "Mountain Camp" to catch Harold Godfrey. Well, I guess I will just sit down here, read the paper and hear what the people say about me. (*sits at table and reads paper*)

Enter, EDITH, R. E., looking around as if she had lost something.

Edith. I thought I left my shawl here—I must have left it in the stage. Have you seen anything of a shawl, sir?

Godfrey. (*lowers paper—looks at EDITH—jumps up*) Edith Gerald by all that's holy.

Edith. (*starts*) And you are—

Godfrey. Godfrey Wilson—your husband—alive and well.

Edith. I thought you dead long ago. (*startle*)

Godfrey. Of course you did. How could you think otherwise, after your brother made an attempt on my life, at your command.

Edith. As I hope for heaven, I swear that my brother never received a command, or ever heard me express a wish to have you dead. He came home that night, after you had in one of your drunken sprees, struck me lifeless at your feet, and made me confess what you had done, and then he took his pistol and left the house in a passion, saying that he would shoot you at sight.

Godfrey. Well he came very near carrying out his threat, and undoubtedly would have done so, only for the intervention of his chum, Harry Walker. It seems that after leaving the house, he made inquiries concerning me, and finding I had gone out toward the mountains, he started to find me, and while doing so, ran across Harry Walker. He told Walker nothing about what he was going to do, but Walker insisted upon accompanying him. Well, they at last found me, and your brother pulling his revolver, started for me—Walker in attempting to stop him, got in front of his pistol, and a bullet went crashing through his heart. He fell dead, and your brother realizing the extent of his crime, fled. Well, things were a little warm for me in Denver at that time, so I took Walker's body, placed it on it's back and pounded his face, so that he could not be recognized. I then placed some old letters of mine in his shirt, changed clothes with him and started for the mountains. The next day the papers of Denver came out with a big account of a murder, and as I intended, they accused your brother and Waters of my murder. To the world I am dead.

Edith. But where is my unhappy brother?

Godfrey. Oh! your brother, Handsome Harry as he is called, is a member of a band of out laws and road agents called the Black Hawks, of which I am the Captain. He is completely in my power, for a word to the authorities at Denver, and he would swing for my murder. To make sure, soon after we came here, I wrote up a confession, stating that he killed me, and got him drunk, and he then signed it. He knows nothing about this.

Edith. But you will not send this—you will let him live.

Godfrey. Of course I will, (*catching hold of EDITH'S wrist*) if you do my bidding.

Edith. What do you want me to do?

Godfrey. Listen, you remember my uncle by the name of George Winfred, who twelve years ago, was a prosperous and well-to-do merchant of Denver. You will also remember his child was stolen, that he failed and went to the bad, finally disappearing—well he has turned up here, and is now rich, owing to his finding, the best claim in this region. As you know, I would be his nearest as well as his only relative—if this child did not turn up—but she has, although he does not know it. She is no other than the little wild cat “Goldie,” a regular tomboy and the pet of this camp. Now I want your assistance in getting this old Bummer Jones’, as my uncle is called, property.

Edith. I cannot do anything dishonorable, Godfrey.

Godfrey. Very well then, I will bid you good-day, and in a few days your brother will be arrested, tried and hung for my murder. (*starts to go*)

Edith. Wait Godfrey—what shall I do?

Godfrey. Meet me up near the top of the mountain to-morrow night, soon after sun down.

Edith. (*going towards door*) For my brother’s sake I will be there, but cannot you come to the cabin sometime to-morrow?

Godfrey. Yes, I will be there during the day.

Edith. Very well, but I must be going, for they will wonder where I am. (*exit, R. E.*)

Godfrey. They will be kept wondering a great deal longer, after you meet me near our retreat, for Edith Gerald, you will never return to this camp, after going up the mountain. Fool! what assistance do you think you would be to me. You are in my way and I know how to remove you. After you, I will attend to “Little Goldie.” (*starts to go, L.*)

Enter, GOLDIE, L. E.—GODFREY runs against GOLDIE as she enters.

Goldie. Get out of the way, whiskers.

Godfrey. Don’t sass me you little brat.

Goldie. A brat, am I—why say, you look like a great big grizzly bear.

Godfrey. I’ve a good notion to slap your mouth.

Goldie. Well, I’ve a good notion to see you try it.

Godfrey. Oh! you have. (*starts for GOLDIE, she dodges*)

Enter, JOE, L. E., puts revolver up to GODFREY’S nose—GOLDIE sticks her head through JOE’S arm and puts fingers to her nose.

Joe. Hold on stranger—what’s the matter?

Godfrey. Who are you, who dare interfere?

Joe. Well, around here they call me Joe Harwood, and they do say I’m the quickest man in this camp with a gun—the best card player in the state, and the smallest drinker in the nation—now stranger, if you want to accept any of those challenges, just name your choice and come on.

Godfrey. So you are the best card player in the State, are you? Well, I’m from California, and I am also champion. Now, I will sit

16 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

down and play you a game of poker for all you've got.

Joe. Stranger, I take you up. Sit right down there.

Enter, JIM, COL., and others, R. E.

Here Jim, bring out a new pack of cards, Goldie sit down and play my hand, and there's \$10,000 to start the game.

(seated at table, cards dealt during the following—noise outside)

Enter, JUDGE, L. E., on a run, gets under table, followed by MATILDA, looks all over and at last sees JUDGE.

Matilda. *(pulling him out by the ear)* Oh! Judge, why do you run from me when I only want to see you, to pour my love into your ear.

Judge. Why Matilda, I wasn't running away from you—I did not know you wanted to see me, and hearing there was someone setting them up down here, I thought I would come down. I haven't had a drink for—ten minutes.

Goldie. *(seated at table)* Well stranger, I've got a pretty good hand and I bet you \$10,000.

Godfrey. I see you \$10,000 and raise you \$50,000.

Goldie. Oh! Joe, what shall we do?

Joe. That's more money than I'm worth, and as I forgot to put a limit on the game, we'll have to let the stranger have it.

Jones. No! you won't. I was offered \$50,000 for my claim this morning. There's the documents, use them if you want them.

All. Hurrah!

Goldie. Then I call you stranger, what have you got?

Godfrey. Four Kings.

Goldie. Boys, I've won!

(jumps up)

Godfrey. Curse you, what have you got?

Goldie. Four Aces. *(shows cards—GODFREY pulls knife)*

Joe. *(arms around GOLDIE)* And a pair of Sevens.

(points revolver)

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Plain chamber—table R. U. E.—chairs R. and L.—EDITH discovered.

Edith. Oh! why did I ever come here? Has my life not been sad and wretched enought without this new disappointment. After coming here to hide myself from the world, in which for the past twelve years I have quietly lived, I find myself face to face with the man whom I though dead, whom twelve years ago, in one of his drunken moments, struck me at his feet, dead as he supposed. The husband whom I loathe and detest, is the first to greet me and propose a plan as cruel as his black heart, and if I refuse to obey him, my brother will pay the penalty, by being taken to Denver and hung. Oh! why did I not die before I ever came to this accursed place. *(knock heard outside, R.)* Come in.

Enter, MATILDA, R. E.

Matilda. How do you do, I thought I would just drop in to see how you liked your new home. I should think it would be awfully lonesome living here all alone. Don't you find it so?

Edith. Oh! no. My home is very pleasant and I am contented, for I find plenty to keep me busy.

Matilda. Well, I just hope you will like it here and will stay, for I like you, even if the women folks do say you put on airs and are stuck up, but law sakes, it's because they are jealous of you.

Edith. The ladies here have no cause to be jealous of me, I try to treat all alike, but perhaps I am not as sociable as I might be.

Matilda. Well, the Judge says you are the finest women in the camp, and when the Judge says a thing, you can just bet it's so. The Judge likes you, he does, but of course you know we are engaged, and you will not let him get too enthusiastic.

Edith. The Judge has been very kind to me since I came here, but he is always a gentleman, and you need have no fear of my interfering between you and the Judge. *(laughs)*

Matilda. Well, I am a great deal relieved, for between you and I—I've been courting the Judge for the past five years—you see he is a little afraid of women folks generally, and it has been a very hard task for me, and now when he has learned to love me, it would be awfully aggravating to have someone step in and win the dear boy's love from me.

Edith. Well Matilda, I will do all I can for you, but I am sure the Judge thinks a great deal of you.

Matilda. Then words have made you a friend for life, and if the women folks dares to repeat the stories they have been circulating lately, they will find that Matilda Sanders has a long tongue and long finger nails, and she ain't afraid to use them either.

Edith. Why, have they been talking about me?

Matilda. Yes they have, but I ought not to have said anything.

Edith. Yes you should, Matilda. If anyone has said anything about me, I should hear it and be given a chance to prove them wrong in their statements. Please tell me.

Matilda. Well, they do say as how they have seen a man going away from here late in the evening.

Edith. *(aside)* Godfrey.

Matilda. And how they think it's Joe, and they say no good women would allow it who is a single women. Now, that's what they say, but I don't believe a word of it.

Edith. Thank you Matilda, and you may tell those who have circulated the stories, that they are welcome to call upon me at any time during the day or night. My door is always open to those who think I am not a good pure women.

Matilda. Then it ain't so about Joe?

Edith. Mr. Harwood has never called on me in the evening, and when ever he does call, he conducts himself as a gentleman should.

Matilda. Just what I told them. *(noise of shouting outside)* There must be some excitement outside, guess I'll just go over and find out what it is. I'll come back and tell you all about it. *(exit, R. E.)*

Edith. So my husband, how I hate the word, visits during the evening and Joe during the day, have caused the talk Matilda tells me. Oh! this life will kill me.

Enter, JOE, L. E.

I haven't a friend in the world.

Joe. Oh! yes you have, and one who would lay down his life for you. *(goes near EDITH)*

Edith. Joe—I mean Mr. Harwood.

Joe. No, call me Joe, it sounds better. Do you know I never liked my name until I heard you speak it.

Edith. Mr. Harwood, you must never call on me again.

Joe. Why— *(EDITH stops him)*

Edith. Don't speak until I finish. The whole camp is talking about your visits here, and if you are my friend, you will protect my reputation by not coming to see me any more. You do not know how hard it is for me to say this, for you have been very kind to me since I came here, but this talk must be stopped at any cost.

Joe. Then give me the right to protect you, by becoming my wife. Edith, I am only a poor, ignorant miner, and I can't even write my own name, but if you will be my wife, I will work for you, fight for you, and if need be, die for you.

JOE works this speech up to a climax, and on the final, puts his arm around EDITH'S waist.

Edith. Oh! don't Joe, I cannot allow you to do this.

Enter, JUDGE, R. E.—appears surprised—they do not see him.

I can never be your wife, there is a bar between us that can not be overcome.

Joe. Then you refuse me?

Edith. I must—let us always be friends—we can never be otherwise.

Joe. Before we part, you will not refuse to answer one question?

Edith. No.

Joe. Then tell me, is there someone else—another man.

Edith. *(hesitates)* Yes. *(aside)* My God this is breaking my heart.

Joe. Then farewell, Edith, I accept your answer, but if you ever want a friend who will lay down his life for you, call on me, and as for those who are circulating these stories—well, if they are men folks, they'll have to pull pretty quick. *(turns to go—JUDGE appears to be just coming in)* Why, hello Judge—any news?

Judge. *(coming down)* No—I was just going by and I thought I would just drop in and call—guess I intrude—good day.

Joe. Oh! no Judge, I was just going. Good-day Judge—Miss Gerald, farewell. *(exit, L. E.)*

Edith. *(aside)* And he takes my heart with him.

Judge. *(aside)* I see it all—she has refused Joe, because she loves me. See her there, now trying to hide her blushes, because I am near. Judge Perkins, now is your chance, and if you don't pop now you are a god darned fool. *(looks in his pockets)* Here it is—the very thing—a document prepared for just this occasion. I will attract her attention, and with this little paper, go at the popping business so quietly and artistically that success is assured. *(goes over to EDITH—aloud)* Ah! Miss Gerald—I have a document of great magnitude and importance to read to you.

Edith. A document, Mr. Perkins.

Judge. Judge Perkins, Miss—Judge Perkins.

Edith. Judge, then.

Judge. (*aside*) Ah! see the expectant look on her face—brace up Judge and do your purtiest. (*aloud*) Ahem! ahem! I, Judge Perkins, the only judge in this here district, a man of good morals, an advocate of temperance and the author of several books on law and mining—a man of sound learning and good judgment—a resident of this camp for twenty years, and a man respected by all, being at the time of this declaration in my right mind and in full control of my senses, and fully capable of making contracts and entering into partnerships and business complications,

Enter, MATILDA, D. F., takes in situation—EDITH beckons her over and exits, R. E.—MATILDA comes and stands in EDITH'S place.

do hereby place my fortune at your feet,

Enter, COL., L. E., stands watching.

and ask you to be my wife. (*takes MATILDA hand—falls on knees—looks at hand then up into MATILDA'S face*) The devil! (*gets up*)

Matilda. No Judge, not the devil, but your own darling Matilda who accepts you with all her heart.

Judge. It's all a mistake.

Col. When is it coming off, Judge? (*coming down*)

Judge. (*makes a kick at COL.—exit, COL., L. E.*) Go to the devil.

Matilda. A mistake—Oh! Judge, that paper you were reading is just too nice for any thing. Read it again.

Judge. Matilda, I have no desire to over load my brain with any more broken backed adjectives.

Matilda. What's that you call me—a broken backed what?

(*goes up to JUDGE threateningly*)

Judge. (*alarmed*) You mistake me Madam—what call you a broken backed anything—you a lovely specimen of God's first and best gift to man. (*business*) A fair vision of femininity in a vast desert of uninteresting masculinity—a bright star of gentle womanhood in a wilderness of rough, tough manhood.

(*begins walking up and down*)

Matilda. Judge, I'm an orphan.

Judge. Most women are at your age.

Matilda. (*mad*) What age?

Judge. I say it's a great pity at your age.

Matilda. Oh! Judge, I've a rich uncle in Frisco, who will put me in his will.

Judge. (*stops quick*) Will he? For how much?

Matilda. For more than \$20,000.

Judge. (*throws his arms open*) Come into camp—sweet Matilda—darling Matilda—M-a-t-'-l-d-a, I am yours—yours—yours for ever—your own dear Judge.

Matilda. Oh! Judge.

(*breaks away*)

Judge. (*aside*) With \$20,000 I can purchase a seat in Congress, and Judge Perkins will be the Hon. Judge Perkins. (*aloud*) But this uncle, does he enjoy good health?

Matilda. The very best.

20 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

Judge. That's bad.

Matilda. Bad?

Judge. Bad for you I mean.

Matilda. (*offended*) Why, I'd rather never have a cent of my uncle's money, than to have him feel the least bit bad.

Judge. Matilda, that statement does great honor to your heart, if it does reflect some what upon your head. (*MATILDA crosses to R., JUDGE looking at her*) The lady is not unprepossessing—that uncle's \$20,000 many times more so. With \$20,000 I will yet be Senator Perkins—the most respected man in this glorious climate of Colorado.

Goldie. (*outside*) Judge! Judge!

Judge. What in thunder is the matter with that tom boy now, I wonder.

Enter, GOLDIE, R. E., followed by COL., MIKE. EDITH and WATER.

Goldie. What do you think has happened, Judge?

Judge. I don't know what?

Goldie. Mrs. Waters has got a brand new baby.

Judge. I thought it—I knowed it—but it's no more than you can expect. It only shows what can be done in this glorious climate of Colorado.

(*MATILDA runs the JUDGE out R.*

Jim. Come on boys—everythings free over to the tavern to-day.
(*exit, JIM, L. E., followed by all except EDITH*)

Edith. All are happy but me. I wonder if Godfrey will be here to-day.

Enter, GODFREY, L. E.

Godfrey. Of course he will—do you suppose he could stay away from the wife that loves him so well. (*laughs*)

Edith. Oh! Godfrey, don't—don't.

Godfrey. Well, I suppose you have made up your mind to comply with my wishes.

Edith. I told you, to save my brother's life, that I would do anything except that which would bring harm to little Goldie.

Godfrey. I tell you, she must be put out of the way—you can entice her up on the mountain—I will attend to the rest.

(*GOLDIE appears at the window*

Edith. And I refuse?

Godfrey. Oh! well, there's no use of showing your temper. Perhaps we won't have to do it, you meet me near the big cave as directed and we will talk the matter over.

Edith. I will come, but under no circumstances will I lend aid to crime.

Godfrey. Very well, but if you are not there in twenty-four hours your brother will be in the hands of the law, and you know the result.

Edith. For my brother's sake I will come.

Godfrey. Remember I shall expect you.

Goldie. (*aside*) Well, there will be some one there whom you don't expect.

GOLDIE disappears—GODFREY turns to go—EDITH falls with face on table—GODFREY looks back at her in a sneering way.

LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP. 21

SCENES II.—Woods in 1st groove.

Enter, COL., followed by MAJ.—COL. walks from one side to other,
followed by MAJ.

Col. Another outrage on civilization.

Maj. Yes another.

Col. The idea of hanging a man without a trial.

Maj. The idea.

Col. I will appeal to the Governor.

Maj. Yes, we will appeal.

Col. It is a shame—an outrage.

Maj. Yes, so it is—so it is.

Enter, MIKE, R. E.

Mike. (aside) What's the matter with them Jackasses?

Col. Think what we would have made out of the trial.

Maj. Just think. (MIKE falls in line and walks

Mike. (aside) I guess I'll join in.

Col. We must protest.

Maj. Yes, we must.

Enter, JUDGE, R. E.

Judge. Well, if this is a walking match, I guess I'll just take a hand. (the orchestra plays a march while they march back and forth

Mike. What's the matter with you bald headed old fools?

Col. Another lynching—gave the man no chance to secure legal talent.

Maj. No legal talent.

Mike. And so beat you lying cusses out of a fee. Oh! I'm unto you. (laughs

Col. Well, let's go and have something.

(orchestra plays march again and all file off L. E.

Enter, HANDSOME HARRY, R. E.

Harry. I wonder where Goldie can be. I want to see her and confess what I am, and—well, if she refuses me, I will know that I have been honorable with her and done my duty. What will she say. I wonder, when I tell her, that I am a member of the hated Black Hawks? I cannot think of losing her, but I must tell her—I love her too well to deceive her. She has believed the story that I told her when I said I was a prospector, but now she must be undeceived.

Enter, GOLDIE, R. E., slaps HARRY on shoulder, he turns and holds revolver in her face.

Goldie. Here, drop that, it ain't healthy to be looking into that. (HARRY puts revolver in belt

Harry. Oh! it's you—I thought it was some of the Black Hawks.

Goldie. You'r the very fellow I want to see. You know the cave where the Black Hawks live? (he starts) Why Harry, what made you start so?

72 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

Harry. Oh! nothing—go on. (*aside*) I cannot tell her.

Goldie. Well, I overheard a conversation awhile ago, between a strange man and the lady, who has lately come to the Camp, by the name of Edith Gerald, and—

Harry. (*starts*) Edith Gerald—no! no! you do not mean it, you must be mistaken.

Goldie. Do you know her?

Harry. Yes—no—that is I knew a woman once by that name, but describe the man—

Goldie. Oh! he was a fierce looking fellow with black whiskers all over his face. I played a game of cards with him a few days ago.

Harry. (*aside*) Godfrey in disguise. (*aloud*) But tell me about it, Goldie.

Goldie. Well, this man wants her to meet him up near the cave to tell her something, but I don't think that's his real motive, for I saw him look at her in a way that made me think he hated her. Now I want you to go up there right off and see that no harm comes to her, and I will go and get some of the men at the Camp and hurry up there, so if you need any help, you will have it. You must hurry, for they will soon be there.

Harry. I will go, but I want to tell you something before I go. Goldie, I—

Goldie. Oh! yes, I know you love me—that's all right—I'm willing—now run along. Good-bye Harry, don't forget to hurry.

Harry. (*starting for her—exit, GOLDIE, L. E.*) Not that I—there she goes, and won't give me a chance to tell her what I am, but I must lose no time in getting up the mountain. If Godfrey attempts any crime, he will find he is baulked from a source he little expects. I wonder if Goldie will reach there in time. Well, I will play this alone if it costs me my life. (*exit, R. E.*)

SCENE III.—Full stage—woods—river—set rocks in front of river—cave if possible—PETERS, JACK, HARRY and GODFREY, discovered.

Godfrey. Well boys, I've got some business of importance to attend to-night, near here, so all of you go into the cave and be in readiness to respond if you hear me whistle. We lost some of the boys the last time, and I only made my escape by a quick dash for liberty, the bullets flew too near to be comfortable—they strung up the rest of the boys without a trial. I may not need you, but be ready, if anything unforeseen should turn up.

All. All right, Capt.

(*exeunt, R. E.*)

Godfrey. Now that Harry has gone over the mountains and will not be back until morning, I have nothing to fear, but if anything should happen, a call and the boys would swoop down on any one who might appear. (*looking off L. E.*) I wonder why Edith don't come—she is late—she would take much more time, I think, if she knew this was the last walk she would ever take. I am afraid to do away with Goldie while Edith lives, and so must stain my hands with the blood of two women, instead of one. Ah! here she comes.

Enter, EDITH, L. E.

You are late.

Edith. I came as quickly as possible.

Godfrey. I suppose you have come prepared to do my bidding.

Edith. I told you what I would not do.

Godfrey. Promise me that you will entice Goldie up here to-morrow night, or you will never leave this place alive.

Edith. You coward! I would not promise you to harm little Goldie, if you killed me a thousand times.

Godfrey. (*grabs EDITH'S arm, they struggle up to rock*) We are here alone, and unless you promise in one minute, I will hurl you into that yawning gulf below.

Edith. Never!

Enter, HANDSOME HARRY, L. E.

Godfrey. Then go where you belong. (*about to throw her over*

Harry. (*throws GODFREY aside, puts arm around EDITH and points revolver at GODFREY*) No she don't!

Edith. My brother!

Godfrey. Handsome Harry! (*blows whistle*

Harry. Now we are on equal grounds—defend yourself.

Enter, BLACK HAWKS, R. E.

Godfrey. I will. Boys seize him. (*the BLACK HAWKS seize HARRY and EDITH—they struggle, but HARRY is overcome and his arms bound*) Now Handsome Harry, we will give you a taste of the way the Black Hawks treat a traitor, and one who interferes with their Captain. Boys, what is the penalty to a traitor?

All. Death! (*put rope around HARRY'S neck*

Godfrey. You have heard the verdict, but before I give the signal, I want to tell you that in ten minutes after your feet leave the ground, your sister will also be dead. Now boys, up with him!

Enter, GOLDIE, L. E., followed by JUDGE, JOE, COL., MAJ. and MIKE.
all pointing weapons.

Goldie. No you don't! The first man who moves dies in his tracks,

Go free. Curse you all!

(*jumps back and falls over the rocks—JOE runs up*

Joe. He's gone to a warmer land.

Judge. Yes, and in a manner that casts great credit on this glorious climate of Colorado.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Parlor handsomely furnished—door C.—MIKE discovered dusting.

Mike. Well, by the powers, will wonders never cease? Who would have thought a year ago, that Mike Flynn would be working for Bummer Jones, who two years ago, was the worst drinker at

24 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

Mountain Camp. He's Bummer Jones no more, but Mr. George Winfred, Esq., the richest man in Denver. Oh! but the fine wages I am getting, but the old gentleman is death on drinking, and niver allows a drop of liquor in the house, and he comes around about ten times a day and smells of my breath, for fear I will take a sup, but I am too much for the old man, and I eat about a peck of onions every day, and he hates the smell of them so, that he only takes one smell, and then he throws up both hands and has hard work catching his breath, and when he breathes again, he has forgotten any little whiskey smell, even if he smelled it. But seems the o'd man ain't happy [with all his money, and always thinks of his little girl that was stolen years ago, and many's the day he says, "Mike, if I could only see my little girl again, I could die happy," and when he's out on the street taking a walk, he keeps looking into every little girl's face he meets. Well, I must hurry up and get my work done, or I won't have time to call on Bldget O'Flarity, next door.

Enter, JONES, C. D.

Jones. Any mail this morning, Mike?

Mike. I believe there was, sir! I'll go and see. *(exit, C. D.)*

Jones. Well, it hardly seems possible, that after thirteen years of wretchedness and misery, I should return to my old home here in Denver, once more the rich and respected Geo. Winfred, and not old Bummer Jones, of Mountain Camp, but in spite of all, I am not happy—there is always before me the image of my little girl so cruelly stolen from me, and whom I shall never see again. Oh! gladly would I exchange all my fortune to hold her in my arms as I did when she was a child.

Enter, MIKE, C. D.

Mike. Here's three letters, sir!

Jones. All right Mike, now leave me to myself.

Mike. All right, sir! *(exit, C. D.)*

Jones. *(looking at first letter—reads)* Well—well—here's a letter from the Judge, and he writes me that he is coming to Denver on business, and will drop in and tell me all the news. Well, I shall always be glad to see any of my friends from the Camp. *(picks up second letter, looks at post mark)* Well, here's another letter from Mountain Camp. *(opens letter and reads aloud)* "George Winfred, Esq. Dear Sir: I shall be Denver on July 8th." July 8th! why that's to-day, "and shall take the liberty of calling upon you on a matter of business, that will, if I am not mistaken, make you the happiest man in Denver." Signed, Col. Greys, Att'y and Councilor at law. I wonder what he has of interest to me, and how little he knows how much it would take to make me happy. There is but one remedy for my sorrow—my little girl. *(picks up third letter, opens and reads)* "My dear Uncle: You will no doubt be surprised to receive this letter from one you have long thought dead, but I arrived a week ago from the coast of Africa, where I have been as a missionary to the savages. Hoping this will find you well, I will close with much love—your nephew, Godfrey Wilson." Am I awake? Can this be true? The nephew reported murdered thirteen years ago, alive and well. This is too good. Well my boy, you have struck it rich, for just as I was wondering what I should do

with my fortune, up pops my nephew, whom I have thought dead. Well, I will go into the library and answer this at once.

(puts letter on table, exit, R., 1 E.

Enter, GODFREY, L. E.

Godfrey. Well, if I'm not mistaken, that was my beloved uncle who just disappeared through that door. I wonder if he got my letter. (picks up letter) Yes, here it is and it has been opened too. (reads) "I have been a missionary to the savages." (laughs) Yes, the savages of Mountain Camp, until they made it too hot for me. It was a good many weeks before I got over my fall—I only saved myself from instant death from being dashed on the rocks below, by grasping a friendly vine about ten feet below. Since then I have been living in Frisco on my share of the plunder while Capt. of the Black Hawks, when a letter from one of my men, informed me that Little Goldie suddenly disappeared, and no doubt was killed by some of the Black Hawks, for having a hand in part of the gangs capture. That leaves me the only living relative of Old Jones, or rather Mr. Geo. Winfred, Esq.

Enter, JONES, R., 1 E.

My dear uncle, I am more than pleased to see you.

Jones. The pleasure is reciprocated, Godfrey my boy, but tell me all that has befallen you since you left Denver so suddenly, twelve or thirteen years ago.

Godfrey. It is rather a long story, but if you will have patience, I will tell you. (both seated

Jones. Of course I will, you know you are my only relative now, *Godfrey.* Then you have never got any trace of—

Jones. My little girl? No! She disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed her—but let us not speak of that, I cannot bear it—tell me your story.

Godfrey. You remember uncle, my time was spent in drinking and gambling, and one night while sober, I made up my mind never to drink another drop as long as I lived.

Jones. A noble resolve, my boy—a noble resolve.

Godfrey. Yes! it was the turning point in my life, and has made a man of me, for since that time my life has been spent in trying to better the world, and if I am not very well off in this world's goods, I have at least blotted out my past folly.

Jones. You have my boy—you have, and as for this world's goods, I have enough for both, and it shall all be yours when I leave this world.

Godfrey. Well I knew it would be next to impossible for me to reform while in the company of my associates in Denver, so one night I left—

Jones. And the day after a body was found and all supposed it to be yours, for on it was your clothes, and in the pockets was letters addressed to you. How did this man come to have on your clothes?

Godfrey. As I was leaving the house after bidding farewell to my wife, I ran against her brother, who asked me to loan him the suit I then wore. Although surprised at the request, I granted it, and after going to my room and changing, I left and have never seen him since, but have often wondered why he wanted them.

Jones. Then Harry Gerald is the murderer of some unknown man.

Godfrey. Undoubtedly, but to continue my story, after leaving Denver, I went to San Francisco, and while there a church revival was held, which I attended—I was completely won over to the good work and a few months later, I took passage with a band of missionaries bound for the coast of Africa, where I have since resided, teaching the ignorant savage. I have only returned to raise funds to carry on the work, and in a short time I shall be once more back there.

Enter, MIKE, L. E.

Jones. No! don't go Godfrey, stay here and take care of your old uncle, and all my fortune shall be yours.

Godfrey. Although I love my work, I cannot refuse your appeal and will remain.

Jones. Thank you Godfrey—thank you, but come, let us go into the library and smoke, while I tell you all that has befallen me.

(exit, R., L. E.)

Mike. Now it does seem as though I had seen that man before, but where the devil it is, I can't think. *(walks slowly toward center door as though thinking, with head down)* Where was it?

Enter, JUDGE, C. D.—MIKE runs into JUDGE as he enters.

Get out ye devil! *(recognizes JUDGE)* Well, by the powers, if it ain't the Judge! Where the devil did you come from, and what do want?

Judge. Don't say a word you Irish son-of-a-gun, come here.

(MIKE goes up to JUDGE—JUDGE whispers in his ear)

Mike. Holy Moses! you don't say so—where the devil is—

Judge. *(putting hand over MIKE's mouth)* Keep still, goldarn you.

Mike. But I can't.

Judge. Then I'll give you ten years for contempt of court. Get out now. *(exit, MIKE, C. D.)* Well, of all the places I ever g't into, Denver is the worst—why the first thing a man with brass buttons on his coat, came up to me and took me to a place where another Judge held court and charged me with carrying concealed weapons. Well, I just told him I was Judge Perkins, of Mountain Camp, and he let me go and I have got my pistol yet. I guess all the people here have heard of me, for they all point and look at me. I guess I'll tell 'em who I am. Well, I will just look around the house for a while.

(exit, JUDGE, C. D.—noise of quarreling by JONES and GODFREY)

Enter, GODFREY, C. D, backing and JONES following, shaking fist in GODFREY' face.

Jones. How dare you propose such a thing to me—dare to ask me to leave my property in shape, to disinherit my little girl again, and old as I am I'll kick you from my door, as I would a dog—

Godfrey. Be calm, uncle.

Jones. Calm? When you propose such a thing to me. No sir! I now see you in your true light, your story is all a lie, and you only want my money, but you will never get it. No sir! not a penny of it.

Godfrey. Curse you! if I can't get your money, I'll take your life.

They struggle—JONES throws GODFREY off—GODFREY starts for JUDGE with knife.

Enter, MIKE, L. E., jumps between them, points pistol at GODFREY.

Mike. No you don't!

Enter, COL. and JOE, C. D.

Col. } What's up here?
Joe. }

Mike. That dirty spalpeen has just tried to kill this old man here.

Col. } Tried to kill him?
Joe. }

Jones. Yes, he is my nephew, and because I refused to disinherit my lost child and wished to leave my fortune, so that the greater part of it would be her's if she ever appeared, he attacked me, and only for Mike, I would have been killed.

Godfrey. Gentlemen, I am sorry that I so far forgot myself. I will now leave, but I have here in my pocket the will of my uncle, in fact a deed which he just signed, conveying to me all his property. The old fool did not know what he was signing. Now gentlemen, I will leave you.

Enter, EDITH, R. E.

Edith. No you won't! Gentlemen, there stands the Captain of the Black Hawks—my husband, who after getting me up on the mountain, would have murdered me, only for your timely arrival, as you will remember.

Godfrey. Curse you! *(starts for EDITH with knife)*

Joe. Hold on Pard—put up your hands—put 'em up. Judge, I appoint you a committee of one to go through this gentleman.

Judge. All right, Joe, but you blow off the top of his head, if he makes a move. *(searches GODFREY, after getting knife—finds documents)* Here's something I guess you want, Mr. Jones—I mean Mr. Winfred. *(takes out watch)* And here's something I guess I want. *(puts watch in pocket)* I guess he ain't very dangerous now, Joe.

Godfrey. Well gentlemen, you seem to hold all the high cards, *(exit, JUDGE, C. D.)* but the child of the old man will never be found.

Col. Wrong again, for here are documents, proving "Little Goldi" of Mountain Camp, the child of George Winfred—a confession from one of your men just before he died.

Godfrey. I admit all that, but she will never appear, for she is dead.

Enter, JUDGE, C. D., leading little GOLDIE.

Judge. Wrong once more. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Little Lena Winfred, known as Little Goldi, of Mountain Camp, the child and heiress of George Winfred, and the prettiest girl in this glorious climate of Colorado.

Jones. My child—my child.

(embrace)

28 *LITTLE GOLDIE; OR, THE CHILD OF THE CAMP.*

All step forward to congratulate GOLDIE—GODFREY sneaks towards door and runs—MIKE appears, shoots, GODFREY falls—all run toward him.

Joe. Boys, he's gone to his last camp.

Edith. And now I have a confession to make. The man who was seen leaving my cabin at Mountain Camp, was Godfrey Wilson, or Harold Godfrey, as he was known there—my husband who deserted me thirteen years ago, after leaving me, as he supposed, dead. It was not Joe as you then supposed. Joe, there lies the bar that stood between us.

Joe. And now that there is nothing to keep you from me, may I—

Edith. There is some hope now.

Judge. A couple of you just drag that carcass out—I don't like the looks of it.

(MIKE and COL. carry GODFREY out, R. E.)

Enter, HARRY, L. E.

Goldie. And what becomes of me, I wonder.

Harry. I would like to settle that question.

Goldie. Then come and settle it. (HARRY goes to GOLDIE) Can he father?

Jones. I suppose so, but don't you want too much at once—a father and a husband.

Goldie. Yes, but Harry don't count much.

(HARRY places hand over her mouth)

Judge. Now, if Matilda was here, there would be three pairs of fools.

Enter, MATILDA, C. D.

Matilda. Well, I'll just fill your hand, Judge.

Jones. And now that we are all happy, don't forget your friends in—

Judge. "The glorious climate of Colorado."

CURTAIN.

THE END.

COSTUMES.

LITTLE GOLDIE.—Dress, a la M^{lle}ss for 1st and 3rd acts. Neat traveling dress for 4th act.

JUDGE PERKINS.—Linen duster, gray pants, brown vest, white hat, for 1st, 2nd and 3rd acts. White pants, red fancy vest, old fashioned dress coat, white high hat, for 4th act. Bald grey wig, side whiskers.

COL. AND MAJ.—Thread bare swallow tail suits. Whiskers.

JOE. Cordoroy suit all through, boot-tops, slouch hat. Mustache.

GODFREY. Top boots, black pants tucked in boots, black sack coat, slouch hat, black mask. Second dress, (in disguise) cordoroy suit, black full beard, light hat.

BARTENDER.—Light coat, brown pants, red shirt.

ALL OTHER.—(Black Hawks) Black suits same as Godfrey's, pants in boots, slouch hat, black masks.

EDITH.—Traveling dress at first, change to black for last act.

MATILDA. Fancy checked dress, hoop skirts, sun bonnet can be worn throughout, or changed to similar dress, with large fancy hat.

NOTE.—Amateur clubs intending to produce this piece, will do well to engage the author to superintend the production and to assume the role of the "Judge," which will guarantee an artistic production, as Mr. Willard is considered one of the best eccentric comedians of the present day. Having started his professional career as an amateur, he knows exactly how to achieve the best result with a cast of amateurs. Address him in care of this office.

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

❖ Broken ✱ Links. ❖

A Drama in 5 acts by E. Nelson Barr, for 8 male and 4 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mr. Armand.

Biddy and Mike. An Irish love scene, discovered by Ned, who is under the sofa. "Yum—yum—yum." Mr. Armand and Fanchon. She refuses her father's request, "My will is law." Pomp, the black haythorn. Song "Little Black Mustache." Ned and the verb, "love." Fanchon refuses Harry Temple. A father's curse. "Out of my home forever."

ACT II.—Woods Scene.

Roger Glenmore, a villain. Ned and Pomp. "Twinkle, twinkle little star." Mildred relates her story, which Roger denies. Mildred's revenge. Death of Roger by Mildred's hand.

ACT III.—Same as Act I.

Mr. Armand insane. Search for Fanchon and Mildred. Mike, the happiest man alive. News of Mildred. Fanchon discovered by Harry.

● ACT IV.—Same as Act I.

Pomp and Ned. Mr. Armand's attempt to burn the house. "T'm mad—mad." Millie and Guy. Death of Millie.

ACT V.—Same as Act I.

Fanchon at home. Mr. Armand's reason restored. A father's blessing. Mike and Biddy and Pomp. Mr. Armand's advice.

Price 15 Cents.

Aunt Charlotte's Maid.

A Farce in 1 act by J. Madison Morton, for 3 male and 3 female characters. One of the best of this prolific humorist's dramatic pieces. Costumes of the period, and scene an apartment in a dwelling house. Time of performance 40 minutes. Price 15 Cents.

That Rascal Pat.

A Farce in 1 act by J. Holmes Grover, 3 male and 2 female characters. A deservedly popular farce—excellent characters for all. Pat, the Irish servant is immense, whose varying scenes of drollery, blundering and impudence will bring down the house. The Major, Livingstone and both ladies' parts are good. Each character has a chance for effective work, the action is brisk, the fun continuous, and the play a sure winner. Modern costumes. Time of performance 30 minutes. Price 15c.

↗ Gyp, the Heiress; ↖

OR.

The Dead Witness.

A Drama in 4 acts by Len Ware, for 5 male and 4 female characters.

The cast contains a good villain, a soubrette, a chinaman; a "down East" aunt, and an insurance agent make up the rest.

Costumes to suit characters.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Drawing-room of Oscar Royalton, Silver City, Nevada.

Aunt Rachel—Oscar's Aunt, from down East—Hezekiah Hopeful, a tramp—"No mustach near me"—Gyp—a-b-c—Thornton the Villain—A sacred trust—Royalton depart for the East—Clara and Thornton—He demands the papers—"I'll guard them with my life"—Supposed murder of Clara and Hezekiah—"Heavens! I'm a murderer—I'll burn the house and conceal my crime—Exciting fire scene.

ACT II.—Hop Sing's Laundry.

Takemquick—A live insurance man—Rachel and Gyp—Hop Sing and Rachel—The fight—Takemquick on hand—Sister Carmeta reveals a secret to Gyp and Rachel—Thornton's demand of Hop Sing, his accomplice—The refusal—An attempt to murder Hop Sing—The Dead Witness appears.

ACT III.—Thornton's Law Office.

Hezekiah the tramp, secures a position in Thornton's office—Takemquick—Hezekiah reveals to Gyp who her enemy is—"Trust me I'll get your fortune for you"—Hezekiah's novel—Sister Carmeta—"I'm here to avenge the death of Clara Royalton"—The shot—I am the Dead Witness—"A colt revolver"—Oscar disguised—A game of cards—"Discovered"—Oath of vengeance—Hezekiah holds both bowers.

ACT IV.—Same Scene as Act III.

Love scene between Hezekiah and Rachel—Proposal—Two notes—Thornton shot by Hop Sing—Oscar in disguise—Clara is the Dead Witness, who escaped death in the burning house—Oscar throws off disguise and introduces Gyp as his wife—Death of Thornton—Devils toast—Hezekiah presents papers to prove Gyp's inheritance and is ready for matrimony—Aunt Rachel finally surrenders and all are happy.

Time of playing 1 hour and 40 minutes. Price 25 Cents.

THE HAUNTED MILL;

—OR—

Con O'Ragen's Secret.

An Irish drama in 3 acts by Bernard F. Moore, for 5 male and 4 female characters. Costumes to suit characters. Time of performance 1 hour and 45 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mrs. O'Kelley.

Scene I.—"The last Rose of Summer." Con and Maureen. The secret. A love scene interrupted by Norah O'Kelley. The letter, and appointment to meet at the ruined Chapel. Murty Tobin, an eavesdropper. Murty delivers Squire Corrigan's message. How Norah received it. Maureen and Murty. Arrival of Con in time to prevent Murty from kissing his sweetheart. Maureen faints and Con takes advantage and steals a kiss.

Scene II.—Murty informs his master of the meeting at the Chapel. They arrange to kill Frank and abduct Norah. Con's opinion of Murty and his master. Bob Jackson, the detective and Con decides to search the old mill. Maureen and Murty. The quarrel. The attempt to abduct Maureen, Con to the rescue.

Scene III.—The Chapel at midnight. The Squire and Murty, unseen witnesses of the meeting of Frank and Norah. Attempted murder and the abduction of Norah. Con and Bob discover Frank, "Heaven help Norah, for she is in the hands of her enemies."

ACT II.—Same as Act I.

Scene I.—Home of Mrs. O'Kelley. Arrival of Con. Maureen and Con, the mystery of the old mill. Squire Corrigan and Mrs. O'Kelley. The demand for Norah's hand in marriage and refusal. The mortgage. "God help me, I consent"

Scene II.—Squire Corrigan and Murty. The lost letter. Con and Frank, "We'll visit the old mill to-night."

Scene III.—Haunted mill. Mrs. Corrigan, a prisoner in the mill. Squire Corrigan and Murty visit the prisoner, another dose of poison. A trap door. Squire Corrigan throws Murty down through the trap door. "Curse him, he is out of my way." Interview between Squire Corrigan and Norah, who he has locked into the haunted mill. Norah's consent to be the Squire's wife, to save her mother. The return to the haunted mill. Murty discovered and released, he reveals the secrets of the mill. Meeting of Mrs. Corrigan and her brother.

ACT III.—Same as Act I.

Scene I.—Return of Norah. Mother and daughter meet. Frank and Norah, despair of Frank, on hearing of Norah's intended marriage with the Squire. "Oh! God, my life is wrecked forever."

Scene II.—Murty turns State witness. The mortgage illegal. Frank Dalton. Con's little scheme. Maureen and Con, the secret revealed. Squire Corrigan and the Priest.

Scene III.—Norah and her mother. "The hour approaches." Arrival of the Squire and Priest. The marriage interrupted. Mrs. Corrigan and Murty, unbidden guests. The disguised Priest. "The game is up, I've lost all." A double wedding, complete the happiness of Frank and Norah, Con and Maureen.

Price 15c.

Cleveland's Reception Party.

A Farce in 1 act by George W. Williams, for 5 male and 3 female characters. A funny little piece which will please wherever presented. Costumes to suit characters. Time of performance 30 minutes. Price 15c.

Every Amateur wants a copy, and should order at once.

HINTS TO AMATEURS,

BY A. D. AMES.

A book of useful information for Amateurs and others, written expressly for those who are giving public entertainments—and who wish to make their efforts successful—containing much information never before given. Mr. Ames has had many years experience, and in this work gives many hints which cannot fail to be of great benefit to all.

Do you wish to know How to act?

Do you wish to know How to make up?

Do you wish to know How to make fuses?

Do you wish to know How to be prompted?

Do you wish to know How to imitate clouds?

Do you wish to know How to imitate waves?

Do you wish to know How to make thunder?

Do you wish to know How to produce snow?

Do you wish to know How to articulate?

Do you wish to know How to make lightning?

Do you wish to know How to produce a crash?

Do you wish to know How to make a wind-storm?

Do you wish to know How to be successful on the stage?

Do you wish to know The effects of the drama on the mind?

Do you wish to know How to assign parts successfully?

Do you wish to know The duties of the property man?

Do you wish to know How to arrange music for plays?

Do you wish to know Many hints about the stage?

Do you wish to know How to form a dramatic club?

Do you wish to know The duty of the prompter?

Do you wish to know How to conduct rehearsals?

Do you wish to know The best method for studying?

Do you wish to know How to make a stage laugh?

Do you wish to know How to burn a colored fire?

Do you wish to know How to make a rain storm?

Do you wish to know A short history of the drama?

Do you wish to know All about scene painting?

Do you wish to know Macready's method for acting?

If you wish to know the above, read Hints to Amateurs, it will be sent you for 15 cents per copy.

Answer: None—continued.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 793 127 1